

Every Year.

The spring has less of brightness,
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness,
Every year;
Nor do summer's flowers quicken,
As they once did, for the sick
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year,
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year,
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing—
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended,
Every year;
Of the joys of friendship ended,
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me,
Every year.

Oh! how sad to look before us,
Every year,
While the clouds grow darker o'er us,
Every year!

When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided,
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces,
Every year;
Come no new ones to their places,
Every year.

Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us,
Every year.

You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.

Thank God! no clouds are shifting,
Every year,
O'er the land to which we're drifting,
Every year.

No losses there will grieve us,
No loving friends leave us,
Nor death of friends bereave us,
Every year.

—Albert Pike.

AN HISTORICAL JEAN VALJEAN.

I.
This is the story of Francois Dubois, hero and galley slave, as it is written in the police archives and army records, and the *Gazette des Tribunaux*:

II.
Toward the close of 1813 he presented himself to the commandant of Wesel, Prussia, haggard and in rags, saying that he belonged to the chasseurs, and had been dismounted during the great retreat and had been compelled to skulk slowly after the army, and asked to be forwarded to his regiment. In those terrible days men were precious, and officers were not surprised to discover veterans in rag clad skeletons. Dubois was sent to the hussar regiment attached to the Marshal Maitier's army, where he soon became the talk of the corps. He was never known to laugh, spoke but rarely, and fought with a reckless daring uncommon even in those times. At Bar-sur-Aube, when the hussars charged the battery at the bridge of Bant-se-Lain, he was the first to reach the guns, and falling with Berserkir rage on the cannoners of one piece, killed, wounded and dispersed them, and had taken the gun single-handed before the squadron could seize the others. The marshal had seen the battery carried, and sending for Dubois praised him highly, and promised him the cross.

III.
Not long after the marshal had occasion to send a dispatch from Troos to the emperor, then at Pine, on the Brinne road, and selected the hussar as his messenger. The country was thick with scouts and pickets, and he was fired upon several times, but by good luck and management, now fighting, now hiding, now running, he made his way safely to Marmot's outposts, and was conducted to the emperor. Napoleon gave him a brief written reply, instructing him in the presence of his staff, to conceal it in his boot leg. Dubois made his way back as far as the mill of Sanciere, near la Belle-Epine, when he found himself hemmed in on all sides by a guard of Cossacks. He rode resolutely at the thinnest part of the line, and tried to cut his way through, but, after a desperate fight, was unhorsed, disarmed and led to the headquarters of the Russian emperor.

IV.
"What orders are you carrying?" asked the chief of staff.
"Verbal orders."

"That's a lie. Search the lining of his left boot," replied the Russian. The guard did so—who had betrayed the emperor from his own headquarters?—and the paper was found. Dubois was locked up, a prisoner, with Lieutenant Auger, of the lancers, of the guard and Auguste Bernard, one of the emperor's courtiers. Two days later, at St. Marc, he and Auger escaped and rejoined the French army. The Duke de Tervise welcomed him warmly and rewarded him for his services. At Begere Dubois was severely wounded while fighting with his usual headlong bravery. Napoleon was forced back on Paris, stubbornly though

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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he resisted. Marth 27, 1814, at Bondy, Dubois, his wounds not yet healed, but attached to the commissariat staff, was just about to enter the headquarters of Count Millot, who had proposed his name for the cross, when three of Vidocq's agents arrested him as a fugitive galley slave.

V.
At the police station he was identified and ordered aside to be returned to the galleys. He gave up to the police a sum of 4000 francs belonging to the regimental chests, with which he had been entrusted to make some purchases at Bondy. Brincart, the colonel of his regiment, made the most earnest attempt to secure his release, but all in vain. The mighty fabric of the first empire was falling to pieces, and officials had some thing more important to think about than the case of a private soldier—an escaped convict.

VI.
Dubois was born at Prauthoy, in Upper Marne; he was sent to the school of Brienne at the age of twelve; in 1790 his father placed him among the students at Mars. After Robespierre's downfall Dubois was returning homeward when, at Bar-sur-Seine, he fell in with a soldier of the Fourteenth dragoons. They became friends, visited different places in the town together, and dined with much jollity at the Crown, a public house kept by one Crevelat. At dinner the dragon stole three silver spoons, which, a couple of days later, as they were about to separate, he sold to Dubois at a low figure, saying they were his own. Meanwhile, the landlord, missing his silverware, suspected them and followed them to St. Marc, where they were arrested. The dragon escaped from the gendarmes; the spoons were found on Dubois, and he, then being only twenty-one years of age, was sentenced to eight years of hard labor as an accessory to the theft.

VII.
He was first sent to the galleys of Toulon, whence, January 21, 1796, he escaped, enlisting in the Seventh Chasseurs. He was sent to the army of Italy, where he served with marked courage, receiving several wounds, notably one in the face from an Austrian sabre at Marengo. Being honorably discharged he went to work at Ancerville; one of his men identified him as a convict, and he had to fly to Troyes. Here, too, after a considerable interval spent in labor, he was recognized, betrayed to the police, and sent back to the galleys. Fortunately his services in the army pleaded for him, and as an act of grace the time he served in the army was deducted from his sentence and eleven months later he was set at liberty.

VIII.
Going, on his release, to La Villette, Dubois had lived there peacefully and industriously for something more than a year, when he was arrested and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment for escaping from the galleys in 1796. This time he was sent to Charbourg, whence he escaped in 1809, fleeing to Paris and enlisting in the cavalry. He served in Spain or in Italy, with marked heroism and faithfulness and won the confidence of General Laverdier, who made him his orderly and selected him to attend him in the Russian campaign. Passing by Chalous on his road to the front, Dubois could not resist the temptation to visit his family. His brother-in-law denounced him to the authorities, and Dubois was sentenced to twenty-four years in the galleys. They sent him to Anvers, whence, in 1813, he escaped to rejoin the army as we have already said, and vainly seek death.

IX.
Retaken in 1814 by Vidocq, the prisoner was sent to Rochefort. After seven or eight years, he was pardoned. A miserable thing was a freed convict in those days. For ten years he was condemned to police surveillance; his yellow ticket of leave announcing his disgrace to every one; he could find no employment, or even shelter. They hunted him from place to place like a wild beast or a leper. He tried to shoot himself—but failed. Refused work and lacking bread, he stole the means to purchase a meal. The court only looked at his record of escapes and sentences; counsel were assigned to him too dull to see the magnificent opening such a case presented, and the poor devil got ten years more.

X.
For thirty years now he has been convict and soldier, but he has not lost strength—possibly even some hope survived in him that the luck would turn. At any rate he broke jail again—he had been confined at Dijon, and made his way to Paris, where, August 10, 1823, a detective recognized him in the Rue St. Martin, hauled him before the commissioner of the second division, M. Henry. It was before M. Henry that Dubois had been taken when he was arrested at Bondy in 1814; to him the soldier had entrusted the 4000 francs placed in his hands from the regimental chest; he knew all about his case. To this indelible case the official only recalled that Dubois had been before him on a previous occasion, and the prisoner was sent to Bicetre.

XI.
Bicetre and La Force were then literal hells. There was no classification of prisoners; the strongest and most brutal ruled his ward without interference by the keepers. The prisoners swarmed with vermin and reeked with malaria, and the prisoner who could not bribe the turnkeys ran an imminent risk of dying of hunger. Dubois remained here four years, slowly sinking in health and spirits. Justice seemed to have forgotten him, when he was taken back to Dijon. He had been condemned *in contumaciam* for his escape in 1812. The prison doors opened for him as inexorably as ever, this time Mont St. Michael being his destination. On his way thither while passing Prez-en-Peil, he escaped again.

XII.
He was subsequently asked why he had so frequently escaped, and answered: "I had lost hope. I began to believe that I was destined to end my days under the lock and key, and I sought to escape because every day of my liberty was a day saved from inevitable captivity. It has been for more than thirty years my luck to be re-arrested and committed, and since it had to be so, I tried when I could to cheat it."
Yes, it was his luck, November 25, 1831, he was entering the diligence, Rue du Bouloi, when a hand was laid on his shoulder. It was the inevitable police officer. For the first time, gaining strength from his desperation, Dubois resolved to plead his own case. He told his story, insisted on his innocence of the original crime laid to his charge, recounted his honorable service in three armies of France, showed his scars. The court heard him partly through, yawned and sent him back to Bicetre.

XIII.
Small wonder he gave up for a while and abandoned himself to despair. He was almost sixty, and luck had run cruelly against him for nearly forty years under the republic, the consulate, the empire, the hundred days, two restorations and one revolution. He was destined to Mont St. Michel, most horrible of the prisons of the day. The monarchy of July was then in its first flush and inclined to be merciful, and as a last hope he wrote out the whole story of his life from the time that he entered the school of Brienne. He did not omit an incident, his escapes, the petty theft he committed after vainly attempting suicide.

You will find it all in the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, of the time. It concludes thus:

"Advanced in age, my strength is failing. There remains to me but one hope and the sorrow of never seeing the end to my evils. Still the sovereign's mercy is great. I have never committed a crime which should make me despair of pardon. I cannot survive the hardships of the fearful route from Paris to Mont St. Michel. I beg, therefore, that my position may be ameliorated, by sparing me that terrible journey and severe treatment, and that I may be sent to a place of detention nearer Paris, as Poissy or Melun, where my brother, who will give security for me, can find me work at my trade (saddlery), and I can await in patience the moment when your majesty will deign to take pity on my misfortunes."

This plea he sent to Queen Amelia, most pious and venerable of sovereigns.

XIV.
And now, with a tender-hearted woman, and she a queen, on his side, Dubois' luck turned. The queen had the whole story hunted out.
It was all true.

The regimental records attested the bravery and scrupulous honesty of Francois Dubois.

Old Marshal Martier told how the hussar had ridden first and headlong into the battery of Bout-de-Lain.

The Duke de Trevis bore witness before the queen of the hussar's repeated gallantry, and of his services to France as a dispatch carrier, and interceded warmly for him.

The prefecture of police itself could only report that the worst offense against Dubois was his breaking jail; it was for this that he had been so relentlessly pursued and so often arrested; there was no reason why he should not be pardoned.

He was, for the next week's *Gazette des Tribunaux* contained this announcement:

"We have the satisfaction of announcing that this unfortunate prisoner has been liberated, and that her majesty, the queen, has presented him with a sum of money sufficient to prevent him, for the rest of his days, from again falling into misery."

We never heard of Dubois after this and it is pleasant to think that at last he found rest, peace and comfort.

XV.
This is the story of Francois Dubois, hero and galley slave, as it is written in the police archives, the army records and the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, how the blind fury of the law hunted him for forty years, and to the verge of the grave, for an offense which he never committed.

London.

All roads lead to London, as once all roads led to Rome. Here all the world's balances are struck at last, and here the vibrations of human life and progress from five continents quiver and tremble. I stood upon the dome of Wren, a marble monument reared into the sky, solid as the hills, and yet vibrating to every passing cart or omnibus upon the thronged street below. The day was glorious with sunshine. For you must not believe the nonsense that puts London under perpetual fog. The sky would have done no dishonor to Colorado. As far as the eye could reach swept away to the misty horizon the roofs and domes and towers of the one great City of the World.

They may talk of Paris as they will. They may praise, as I have praised, the glorious capital of the North—Edinburgh, on her throng of crags. They may tell you of Venice and her wave-washed palaces, of Naples and her sapphire bay, of the great disowned "Lady of Kingdoms" herself, in all her ancient splendor, or in her pathetic decay. But here, from "The Dome of the Golden Cross," where Nelson's bones and Wellington's rest beneath your feet, sweeps around and away the world's city of our day.

The roar of London rises faint to your ears, a multitudinous, indistinguishable mass of mingled sounds. You are alone. You are above it all. It comes to you as the sounds of a great world ascends to heaven. Every human passion is in it, every human pain. God only can distinguish between the laughter and tears, the curses and the prayers, the groans of the vanquished and the shouts of the victors.

I know not how one can help being saddened at sight of a great city. I know not how one can stand on the dome of St. Paul's, and not feel knocking at brain and heart, all the riddles of human life and destiny.

Such motes they are below there! Peer's chariot and costermonger's cart, how much alike! Palace and hovel, dwarfed from this airy distance, to the same proportions! Millionaire and beggar boy, they creep on yonder, much alike!

The roar of the great city faintly rises. You are its very center. Every street radiating from St. Paul's is crushed and thronged. It is not the roar of London only. It is the murmur of the world. No sound of war or peace, no change of State of Kingdom, but mingles its echoes with the sounds of London. No misfortune or fraud, or failure at the world's end, but repeats itself in the streets below you. No disaster by flood or fire, but sobs its sad story at your feet. No ship goes down in farthest seas, but the moaning wind and the plunging waters tell of it here at last. No blight

falls on the vintage, and harvests of men in Europe, Asia or America, that the cry of distress vibrates not along the granite masses of London's heads.—*Church Journal*.

The Fiend Twin's Diary.

January.—Am born. Didn't want to be. Object immediately as loud as I can. Younger brother born seven minutes later. Looks like a fool, but may improve as he mellow with age.

February.—Catch a cold. Give it to younger brother. He's sicker than I am. Very nearly settles him.

March.—Catch a nice rash. Pass it on the other cove. Pretty well winds up his clock.

April.—They've christened us. I'm Augustus and he's Alexander. I'll kick him when he sleeps.

May.—Got the nettle-rash. Hooray! So's he!—only worse.

June.—They don't think they'll be able to rear him. He's to have cod-liver oil. Can't help laughing.

July.—He's been squalling awful. Nurse says it's his nasty temper. I know it's a pin, but I'm not going to say.

August.—We've got a new nurse who talks to tall soldier, and leaves perambulator basking in the sun. Alexander has got a blister on his nose. They don't know what it is, but they're going to give him a powder.

September.—I've given him the scarlatina. He seems resigned. I've nailed his feeding-bottle.

October.—I've got a new game now—poking Noah's wife into his car when the nurse ain't looking.

November.—We're beginning to walk. He's weaker on his pins than I am, so I can shove him over easy.

December.—I'm beginning to cut my first tooth. As soon as it's through I've made up my mind to bite Alexander.

A FAITHFUL HEN MOTHER.—A pathetic scene occurred at the Division street crossing of the Erie Railway this morning. An old hen with a late brood of chickens was crossing the track in front of an approaching train. The mother got safely over, but the chickens loitered behind, until the locomotive was almost upon them. The mother, with hovering wings and open bill, ran upon the track and began to drive them off one by one by sheer force. Several of them she got clear of the track in this way, but several of them ran up the track instead of from it. The old hen followed, trying to save them, but without avail, and the engine ran into them all, killing the hen and seven of her chickens whose lives she was trying to save.—*Pittston Guardian*.

Remember that mirrors should never be hung where the sun shines directly upon them. They soon look misty, grow rough or granulated, and no longer give back a correct picture. The amalgam or union of tin-foil with mercury, which is spread on glass to form a looking glass, is easily ruined by the direct, continued exposure to the solar rays.

Remember that one can have the hands in soap-suds with soft soap without injury to the skin if the hands are dipped in vinegar or lemon juice immediately after. The acid destroys the corrosive effects of the alkali and makes the hands soft and white. Indian meal and vinegar or lemon juice, used on the hands when roughened by cold or labor, will heal and soften them. Rub the hands in this, then wash off thoroughly and rub in glycerine. Those who suffer from chapped hands in the winter will find this comforting.

Remember never to leave clothes-lines out week after week, but take them down and wind them on the reel, as soon as the clothes are dry. With this care, a clothes-line will last years. But if left out, wind and rain will mildew and rot the line, and it will soon become worthless. Added to this, the clothes will be colored from the line and dirty streaks almost impossible to remove will be seen where they rested on it.

An island was put up at auction in London last month, with no bidders. It was Herm, one of the Channel islands, three miles from Guernsey and Sark, comprising 400 acres, with a good harbor, granite quarries, excellent fishing, an old-fashioned residence with a chapel and a new villa and no taxes.

Range of the Flight of Birds.

It would seem at first sight that no barriers could limit the range of birds, and that they ought to be the most ubiquitous of living beings. This, however, is far from being the case, many groups of birds are almost as strictly limited by barriers as the mammalia. The petrels and gulls are among the greatest wanderers, but most of the species are confined to one or the other of the great oceans, or to the Arctic or Antarctic seas. The sandpipers and plovers wander along the shores as far as do the petrels over the ocean. Great numbers of them breed in the arctic regions, and migrate as far as India and Australia, or down to Chili and Brazil, the species of the Old and New Worlds, however, being generally distinct. In striking contrast to these wide ranges we find many of the smaller perching birds, with some of the parrots and pigeons, confined to small islands of a few square miles in extent, or to single valleys or mountains on the mainland. Those groups of birds which possess no powers of flight, such as the ostrich, cassowary, apteryx, are in exactly the same position as the mammalia, as regards their means of dispersal, or are perhaps even inferior to them, since, although they are able to cross rivers by swimming, it is doubtful if they could remain so long in the water as the land quadrupeds. A large number of short-winged birds, such as the toucans, pittas, and wrens, are perhaps worse off, for they can fly but very few miles at a time, and on falling into the water would soon be drowned. It is only the strong-flying species that can venture to cross any great width of sea, and even these rarely do so unless compelled by necessity to migrate in search of food, or to a more congenial climate. Small and weak birds are, however, often carried accidentally across great widths of ocean by violent gales. This is well exemplified by the large numbers of stragglers from North America, which annually reach the Bermudas. No less than sixty-nine species of American birds have occurred in Europe, most of them in Britain and Heligoland. They consist chiefly of migratory birds which in Autumn return along the eastern coast of the United States, and often fly from point to point across bays and inlets. They are then liable to be blown out to sea by storms and it is almost always at this time of the year that their occurrence has been noted on the shores of Europe. Birds which frequent woods and thickets, are secure from such accidents, and are restricted in their range by the extent of the forest they inhabit. Mountain chains and even large rivers like the Amazon, limit the range of many birds.—*Harper's Magazine*.

Facts and Fancies.

Never turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side to it.

Lightning struck an umbrella in North Carolina, and killed three persons who were under it.

A gentleman said, when a pretty girl trod on his toes, that he had received the stamp of beauty, but even then no one called him good-looking.

An exchange says that it is thought the time will come when members of the choir will be expected to behave, during divine service, just as well as other folks.

Here is an excellent rule: "Say nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly."

The London Mining Journal advocates the use of telephones in mines. Should an accident occur the prompt notification of it and its nature to those at the surface might save many lives and much property.

A man who went to California two years ago, says he heard before he went there that one could wear the same suit the year round, and he is satisfied of the truth of the assertion, as he has worn the same suit ever since he has been there.

The skin of the enormous grizzly bear lately killed in Calaveras county, Cal., is to be sent to Mr. Hayes. The animal when dressed weighed 1,453 pounds. His head, back of the ears, was two feet ten and a half inches in circumference after the skin had been removed.

In England there is an "Order of Danielites," pledged to total abstinence from flesh, fish, fowl, alcohol and tobacco. Recently a petition was presented to the House of Commons from this order, "praying for a new Polar Expedition, to be manned by persons who do not use flesh food, alcohol or tobacco."

The number of wolves in Russia is estimated at 200,000, and their annual consumption of flesh 23 cwt. per head. Last year they ate, among other items, 161 human beings, and it is estimated that, in one way or another, they cost the country \$10,000,000. Hunting has declined since the emancipation of the serfs, and the wolves have increased.

An exchange says, to clean paint, take one ounce of pulverized borax, one pound of small pieces best brown soap, and three quarts of water; let it simmer till the soap is dissolved, stirring frequently. Do not let it boil. Use with a piece of old flannel, and rinse off as soon as the paint is clean. This mixture is also good for washing clothes.

A San Francisco husband thought to indulge in a practical joke by taking home a full-sized rough wooden coffin, and as he stood it behind the kitchen door he remarked to his wife's anxious inquiries, "You'll know what it's all about before morning." But the wife despatched one of her crying, frightened children for the police, and while two officers were smashing the coffin with their clubs the husband was explaining that it was all a joke.

A coroner's jury lately added to a verdict in the case of a not over-bright individual who was found drowned, the cynical remark that "he never showed any penetration till he made a hole in the water."

Literary Notices.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE is issuing a series of choice and popular novels, at prices which put them within the reach of all, and which have never before been approached. The first of the series, "Black Spirits and White," by Frances Eleanor Trollope, contains for ten cents the entire contents of a seventy-five cent volume, without abridgment or condensation; while the second, "Two Lillies," Julia Kavanagh's latest novel, which costs, in the bound volume \$1.25, may be obtained also for a dime. Another of Miss Trollope's novels, and one not heretofore published in this country, "A Charming Fellow," will be the third of the series. The novels are printed in large, clear type, in pages about the size of Harper's Weekly, and as the series is established as a permanence, any one may in a short time become the owner, at a merely nominal cost, of a library of choice and standard fiction. The Tribune novels may be obtained of any news-dealer, or ordered direct from The Tribune office by remitting the price named.

THE GALAXY for June opens with a striking poem by Miss Emma Lazarus, followed by the closing chapters of Miss Hopkins' pleasing sketch, entitled "A Progressive Baby." Next comes a valuable article on the Militia Service of the United States, discussing its history, its uses and abuses, and suggesting measures for its improvement and development. Henry James, Jr., contributes an admirable sketch of the romantic life and writings of Alfred de Musset, one of the most remarkable of French poets. Some of the tricks and manners of dishonest life insurance companies are exposed by an unknown writer in a vigorous and daring article which follows, after which we are led away from the haunts of men to green fields and purring brooks, and invited to share with an enthusiastic sportsman the fascinations of angling for salmon. The Hon. J. L. M. Curry, a statesman and political economist of high standing in the South, contributes an article upon the abuses of the Civil Service system and the unhappy results of frequent rotation in office, evils which have been growing alarmingly since the days of General Jackson. Richard Grant White follows with a critical and descriptively upon modern music of the various schools, which is certain to create a sensation among the devotees of the music now most in vogue. The number contains two short stories of uncommon excellence, "The Yosemite Hermit," by Miss Clara Dolliver, and "Fallen among Thieves," by a new writer; also two or three good poems, and the usual entertaining and valuable departments of science, literature and current gossip.

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receipt of five cents.

The Funeral Services of Mrs. Gallaudet.

The funeral of Mrs. Sophia Gallaudet took place in the Center Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn., on Tuesday, the 15th inst., at 3:30 p. m., the pastor, Rev. Dr. Richardson, officiating. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Keep and the Hon. Henry Barnard, all of which were interpreted by Prof. D. E. Bartlett. Quite a number of the pupils of the American Asylum were present with the principal, Mr. Edward C. Stone. After the services were over, these pupils passed by the remains of our departed friend, each one placing a rose upon the coffin. It was a very touching incident. The burial took place at Cedar Hill Cemetery, the body being placed by the side of that of her beloved husband in faith of the promised resurrection at the last day.

Elsewhere we publish clippings from different papers relating to the impressive funeral scenes, life and labor of the late Mrs. Gallaudet, and also a Washington letter to Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet of New York from a friend who was with the deceased shortly before her death.

The Death of Dr. Budd.

Dr. Charles A. Budd, brother of Mrs. Thomas Gallaudet, died in New York on Thursday afternoon, the 17th inst., in the 46th year of his age. He had become one of the most successful and distinguished physicians of the city. In the midst of all his professional engagements in his own practice, his duties as professor in the University Medical College and his visits to various hospitals, he always found time for his deaf-mute friends in their sickness and trouble. After a long and painful illness, he departed in peace to the rest of paradise.

His funeral was attended in St. Ann's Church on Monday, the 21st inst., at 4 p. m., and his remains were buried in St. Mark's Churchyard.

Intermarriages.

The Illinois Report is out; and from its handsome pages we learn that since the opening of the school in 1846, there have been admitted 1,116 pupils, representing 802 families. The number that had deaf parents, either father or mother or both—now listen, ye foe to deaf-mute intermarriage—was just thirteen, with a reasonable doubt about four of them. We will be generous, and throw in the deaf grandmothers, uncles and aunts; there are twelve of these, and so we have twenty-five to lay to hereditary taint if such there be; but only thirteen are the result of direct marriage of the deaf and deaf.

The percentage is small and is comparatively insignificant, when we find that sixty-seven others were children of consanguineous parents, that is, five children were the offspring of consanguineous marriages to one of deaf-mute marriages. The wild statement made at the Philadelphia Conference of Principals, that deaf-mute marriages were responsible for fifty per cent. of the existing deaf children, is one of those fallacies that come to the surface now and then.

A Table.

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, May 27th of the month.
Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Genesis i.
2d Lesson—Matthew iii.
Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Genesis ii.
2d Lesson—1 John v.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for Trinity Sunday.

Sunday, June 3d.

The Psalter for the 3d day of the month.
Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Genesis iii.
2d Lesson—Acts ix, to verse 32d.

Evening Prayer.

1st Lesson—Genesis vi.
2d Lesson—1 Timothy vi.
Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the first Sunday after Trinity.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes.

On Monday evening, the 7th inst., a service was held in the chapel of All Saints' Church, Worcester, by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. Mr. Job Turner rendered the lesson in signs, and made an address; Dr. G. interpreting orally. After service there was a social gathering of deaf-mutes at the residence of Mrs. Denny, in honor of the fortieth anniversary of her wedding. A well-furnished supper table was duly appreciated by the guests, the arrangements having been made by Mr. Henry Howe. Addresses were made by Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. Job Turner, Messrs. Howe, Green and Parsons, and some gifts were presented to Mrs. Denny. While in Worcester, Dr. G. was the guest of Mr. Taft and family.

On Tuesday evening, the 8th inst., in the chapel of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Mr. Job Turner was confirmed by Bishop Paddock in a class of about twelve.

Marriage of a Blind Piano Teacher to a Mute Lady.

In Rome there will soon take place a marriage of a blind piano teacher to a mute lady. The particulars of which we give below.
Carlo Sereno by name, is 26 years of age, and lives on a small pension. In March last, while attending to his business, he was accidentally run over by a hack and badly hurt. The mute lady, Miss Clementine Lazaroni, is 22 years of age, and witnessed the accident, and feeling great sympathy for the unfortunate teacher, volunteered to nurse him, which duty she faithfully performed during her stay with him. The sympathy brought love, which grew very strong, and which will terminate very shortly in marriage.

They at present reside in a building in Corso Porto Vittoria, and the inhabitants there are taking great interest in the marriage.

Notice.

Providence permitting, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will be at the following places for the purpose of holding deaf-mute services and making oral addresses in reference to church work among the deaf and dumb, Rev. Mr. Mann accompanying him:

Pittsburgh, Pa., June 10, (Sunday).
Delaware, O., " 12.
Columbus, O., " 13.
Dayton, O., " 14.
Newport, Ky., " 15.
Cincinnati, O., " 17, (Sunday).
Louisville, Ky., " 18.
Indianapolis, Ind., " 19.
Cleveland, O., " 21.

The friends at the above points are requested to make this notice as general as possible, as there are many living at a convenient distance who would be glad to attend the services. Their hearing and speaking friends might also be induced to attend.

The Itemizer.

The files is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer*.

Kington has a deaf and dumb base ball club.

We have some back numbers of the *Gopher*. Do the Nebraska mutes want them at ten cents a head?

The Nebraska Institution has got a pair of Howe's improved scales, and is now boasting of 1,500 lbs. of pretty girls.

The Diddford and Saco Association of Deaf-mutes have engaged Prof. Jon TUNNEN, of Diddford in Saco, Me., on the third day of June.

TIMOTHY DRISCOLL, an inmate of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-mutes, New York, has been missing since the 8th of this month.

MRS. ANGE A. FULLER, who, in addition to being deaf, is said to be almost blind, contributed a nice little poem to a recent number of the *Gopher*.

Mrs. J. E. WILLIAMS, of New York, is at the residence of JOHN A. HALL, of Whitehall, N. Y., having arrived there on the 9th inst. She thinks she will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. HALL.

The notes attending school in Nebraska steal from their wholesome beds in early morn, and climbing through a convenient fence, make war on the gophers. They get ten cents a head for every one caught.

The Grand Secretary of the Order of Elect Sords, recently received a letter from a certain place in Indiana, requesting information concerning the order, and addressed it to the County Clerk's office, Yndie, Onida Co., N. Y.

GEORGE KRIEBEL, the deaf-mute who was sent to the Onida County Asylum for insane patients last fall, has been discharged, and is apparently cured of his insanity, but it will be some time before he will regain his former health and strength.

The General Assembly and State officers of Ohio were favored with an exhibition at the Ohio Institution recently. The programme was interesting and varied, and was a complete success. The time occupied was two hours and a half.

A NEBRASKA deaf-mute, with long legs and of investigating habits, went roaming about the premises of a neighbor whose big dog interviewed him with true canine intelligence, and suggested that he "git." He alid over the fence and got.

He is a small boy and he attends the Nebraska Institution. His one ambition is to be a barber, and one day he coaxed another small boy to submit his head to be barbershopped. Which being done, he was invited to go to bed supperless. Denouncing the choice was given him to allow small boy No. 2, to manipulate his curly locks. He went to bed.

They have got into their new building in Nebraska, and now pupil and teacher move about without jarring, and the oft-trodden and oppressed corn rejoices in his emancipation.

EVERY Friday afternoon, after recess, is devoted to telling stories to the pupils of the Nebraska Institution, and rehearsing pieces, that they have read during the week. The exercise is engaged in by both sexes and all ages, and is enjoyed very much by the pupils. The teachers are generally prepared to give one or two good stories of an instructive and interesting nature which adds to the interest of the occasion.

DEAF-MUTES hardly care much for sound. But they may like to know how it travels. Its time varies. A summons to dinner has been known to leave the kitchen door, reach, and go around a ten acre lot in five minutes, while, from the same source, an invitation to get up in the morning, generally takes from half to three quarters of an hour going up one flight of stairs.

MISS LURKA ODELL, a member of the High Class of the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, died at the residence of her parents in New York city on Thursday, the 10th inst., at the age of 21. Her funeral was attended in St. Ann's Church, on Saturday, the 12th, at 1 p. m. Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET went with the family to Greenwood Cemetery and said the "Committal" at the grave. Miss Odell was a young lady of remarkable intelligence and loveliness joined to a Christian character.

LITERARY deaf-mutes may be interested to know that the celebrated Harriet Martineau was deaf. She had no sense of smell, and only a very imperfect sense of taste. She had a poor nurse during childhood, who half starved her, and her deafness is described by her mother to this cause. Precious little consolation she got from her family, who would tell her that "none are so deaf as those who would not hear." The best help she got was from her brother, who told her that he hoped she would never make herself troublesome to other people! Notwithstanding all this she surmounted every obstacle, persevered in spite of poor health, and became eminent.

The Ohio Chronicle sanctum has been invaded and interviewed. They give the catechism, parts of which will be found below:

Q. Paper published here, got a name fair to middling. It has been published fifteen inches long, but modestly forbids the mention of editor's name. Public must find out themselves whether ed. is deaf or not. He was educated in his upper story, at least he so intended. He attended school till his financial bubble burst; thought that he was educated at college, but does not remember his native place. He has been married twice; the number of his subscribers is an office secret. The intending cause of the publication was *tauties scribendi*, and the office employs an innumerable company of deaf-mutes.

The veto of the Governor of the \$30,000 appropriation for the Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes in this city has been the subject of general comment to-day. The loss of the building is regretted very much, as it would not only have been an ornament to the city, but a great benefit. The working men, many of whom had hoped for employment from the building of the structure, feel the loss as much as any other class, and regret very much the action of the Governor. As it is, the splendid premises which were donated by two of Rome's enterprising men will remain vacant. The school will have to be conducted in several different and inconvenient dwelling houses, and very many who desire to have the advantages of this institution will be denied admission for want of room. The school under its present management has already become quite famous, and it is a pity that it cannot be furnished with better and more suitable accommodations. *—Rome Cor. Utica Herald.*

An old lady, ninety-three years of age, living in Hackensack, N. J., lost her hearing some twenty years ago. Her name is Mrs. Quackenbush. On the evening of Sunday, April 29, a shower came up, and at about 10 o'clock it passed over Hackensack. The flashes of lightning were very vivid, and the thunder had been heavy. Mrs. Quackenbush, who was somewhat nervous, was sitting up in her bedroom. An unusually sharp flash of lightning caused her to start up quickly from her chair. The thunder followed, and with a crash Mrs. Quackenbush felt a snapping in her ears, and as the reverberations of the thunder rolled away she was surprised and delighted to find that she could hear the ticking of the clock in her room, and soon after the noise of the family moving about the house and in conversation. Since that moment she has been able to converse easily with her friends, and to enjoy the conversation of others when carried on in a distinct manner and not far away from her. She has never received medical attendance with a view of recovering her hearing, as it was supposed the falling was a natural decline, a suspension of a faculty which could scarcely be expected to remain entirely unimpaired in a person of such advanced years. Although no medical opinion has been sought, it is believed among physicians who have heard of the case that the case may have been wrought under peculiarly favorable conditions of the atmosphere, probably by electrical action.

The following allusion to Rev. HENRY W. SYLE is from the Rt. Rev. Bishop STEVEN'S address to the Diocesan Convention of Pennsylvania, recently held in Philadelphia:

On Sunday morning, October 8, the bishop admitted to deacon's orders, in St. Stephen's Church, HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M., a deaf-mute. This is the first instance of the kind, it is believed, says the bishop, in the history of the Christian Church. The Rev. Dr. GALLAUDET and CLEGG, the sons of the founders of the education of deaf-mutes in America, presented the candidate and interpreted by the sign language the sermon and services to the deaf-mute who had gathered to this service. The lord bishop of Huron, the bishops of Ohio, Western Texas and Iowa and many of the clergy were also present. Mr. SYLE is the son of the Rev. EDWARD W. SYLE, D. D., now professor of history and natural philosophy in the Imperial University of Japan.

Permit me to add, in reference to this unique case, that I carefully studied it in all its bearings, Biblical, canonical, historical and spiritual. I weighed scrupulously every argument against such a step, and, after long, prayerful and diligent investigation, reached the conclusion that such an ordination was neither in conflict with the word of God nor the canon of the church, primitive or modern, nor the full belief that the sign language is to word-speaking people a foreign language, and is the virtual vernacular of the deaf and dumb, and that, therefore, a person who conveys spiritual truth to the minds of that class, through the signs of the hand, has as much right to minister in sacred things as the person who conveys the same truths to hearing persons through the words of his lips; and finding, what, one so singularly qualified by natural gifts of mind and unusual acquirements in classical, mathematical and other branches of science and letters, I took the responsibility of introducing him into the office of a deacon in the Church of God. Since then I have received letters and messages cordially approving my course, and thanking God for enabling me to take the first step in this important line of action.

The Hospital for Deaf-Mutes near Berlin.

It is probably not generally known that while the deaf-mutes of America have been interested during the last few years in the establishment of a Home for the Aged and Infirm of their own number, a similar benevolent enterprise has engaged the attention of their brethren in Germany, and has been carried so far toward completion that the corner-stone of a building for its purposes was laid on the 4th of last September, at Niederlehme, near Konigs-Wusterhausen, not far from Berlin. Of the building thus begun we present a view, taken from a copy of the Berlin *Taubstummen Freund*, (Deaf-Mutes Friend,) edited by Mr. Fuerstenberg, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Jacques Leow. The cut in the *Taubstummen Freund* was made from the drawings of the architect, Mr. Riegler, by a deaf-mute engraver, Mr. Emil Pongé. Our copy was engraved by Mr. Wm. R. Cullingworth, of Philadelphia, and on comparison it is evidently an improvement in artistic execution.



The "Hospital" is what we would call a "Home," as it is intended to accommodate, not only the sick, but also, and principally the aged and infirm, who, through declining years or feeble health need solace and care, which narrow means or family benevolence forbid their obtaining in homes of their own, and who can here receive it and at the same time enjoy the social pleasures which, in Germany no less than here, the deaf and dumb,—by whatever system taught—find chiefly in other's society. That such an institution should have been planned and undertaken, and thus far successfully carried on by deaf-mutes themselves, in the strong hold of the "articulation teaching," is surely a most significant fact.

The enterprise is under the charge of the Central Association for the Welfare of the Deaf and Dumb, at Berlin, of which Mr. Fuerstenberg, the able editor of the *Taubstummen Freund*, is the Secretary. We are not informed to whom is due the credit of originating the idea, nor how long ago it was undertaken, nor by what means it has been pressed on the public attention; but there is no doubt that the "deaf-mute press" of Germany has been a powerful agent in pushing the work.

The land is the gift of Mr. Louis Oelsner. The building will be in the shape of an E, 270 feet long and 78 feet deep, and is intended to give homes to 200 persons. The right wing will be occupied by men, and the left by women, while the centre will afford offices, dining rooms, etc., the thick story being a lofty chapel. In front are to be elegant flower gardens, while the grounds behind will be laid out to afford refreshment and recreation to the aged and feeble inmates. The cost is estimated at 330,000 marks, or \$100,000. Towards this sum there had been raised, up to the laying of the corner stone, only 27,000 marks, or \$6,500. This is rather a small amount in hand with which to venture on the erection of such a building, but still it is more than has been accumulated in the Building Fund of the Church Mission Home; much more, if we take into account the value of the land donated. Let us hope a similar donation, of a suitable situation, will be received for our Home, so that the money collected may be used exclusively for the building.

And while we wish all success to those who are giving their chief attention to raising money for the Building Fund, we will express the hope that the need of meeting current expenses will not be overlooked. The Home is already in operation, and is giving a Christian home to several persons whose number could be readily increased if there were the money for the support. At present the expenses are, as Dr. Gallaudet has recently told the readers of the JOURNAL, about \$25 a week, which shows very economical management; but even this small sum is not always to be had. Let our friends see to this, and while doing the one thing, not leave the other undone.

From a Washington Letter to Mrs. Gallaudet, New York.

KENDALL GREEN, May 13th, 1877.
DEAR FRIEND:—At this sad moment it has occurred to me, that you all might like to hear what I am able to contribute of those details of the last hours of one we love dearly, which are so grateful to sorrowing hearts.

Grandmother's death was sudden and to all appearances painless, for which last mercy we should be thankful. She never recovered consciousness for a single moment after the stroke of apoplexy which laid her low. I was with her last evening to within half an hour of the fatal event. The President and Mrs. Gallaudet had gone to spend the evening at Dr. Lincoln's, and we were over at Mr. Denison's making a long call. Grandmother seemed to be in better health and spirits than she had enjoyed since her return to Washington; indeed, she remarked that she had got over those slight attacks of dizziness, with which she had been occasionally troubled of late, and felt a return of her old self. I have never seen her recount with greater zest stories of other days than she did last evening those of the jocular persecutions of certain relatives; or speak with greater tenderness than she did then of the faithful old servant, Sarah, who had served her so long—full eleven years—and "who, please God," she said; "may outlive me yet." She referred to a drive she had taken in the afternoon, as having been a great pleasure, and dwelt upon a visit she had made to the home of Philip, the coachman, who is now ill, in a way that showed the tenderness and all-embracing love of her motherly heart.

On leaving a little before ten, Mrs. Denison asked her to take tea with them this evening and meet Mr. Comp-ton, whom they were expecting, and she accepted the invitation with her usual grateful pleasure, making no reservation as to the state of her health or the weather, as to one is accustomed to do who has always been in the enjoyment of good health.

When I went home with her, I found that the Prest and wife had not yet returned, and lingered a short time to admire a picture of her taken last Monday, as she sat in the easy chair in the parlor, and to enjoy the playful banter between her and the girls and one of the students who was spending the evening there, when we left she followed us to the door, and entered into rather a boisterous leaving-taking with a keen appreciation of the joyous spirits of youth that prompted the innocent mirth. O, grandmother! it was well that we could not see the dark shadow that was even then hovering near! Within a short hour, as she was performing her evening devotions, the stroke came.

I do not say anything of my own sorrow. I have no right to in the presence of the mightier sorrow and bereavement which rests upon your hearts; but I fondly recall the love she did not deny to me, and the many proofs of it I have. We need not sorrow for her sake; for what more can we ask than such a life of fruitfulness; than such a life filled to the brim with the good, a loving Father only knows how to give; what more than such a brief and painless passage into the better world?

"Life! we've been long together, Through pleasant and through cloudy weather; 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear, Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear; Then steal away, give little warning, Choose thine own time, Say not Good Night, but in some brighter clime Bid me Good Morning."

It is only for ourselves that we need sorrow—we who are deprived of her love and companionship, and in this you have my sympathy and my prayers.

—We understand that P. T. Barnum, while on his way to Watertown on Tuesday, expressed the opinion to one of our citizens, that he would be able to recover Charlie Ross, the stolen child.

in its repose, the soft, wavy gray hair gently escaping from under the folds of the dress cap. It was to them an object lesson on the grandest of subjects—"the dignity of this going away alone which we call dying." Beautiful flowers were everywhere, and from pilasters above looked down the benign sculptured faces of Abbé Sicard and De l'Épée, those true philanthropists, the pioneer instructors of deaf-mutes in France. Taken as a group—these silent beholders of the silent dead, with the silent immortal faces contemplating them serenely from above—it was a tableau to linger long in the memory. Most pathetic of all, to me, was the thought that only by passing through the same grim portal through which she had passed, could these hapless children of silence gain, like her, the gift of emancipated voice and ear. Then my mind reverted to the husband who had gone before her, the instructor of her youth, and I questioned if among the blessed possibilities of the higher life it might not be that he had stood waiting when her soul passed thitherward, to take her again under his fond tuition; this time in the heavenly language that has no symbol for sorrow or pain.—*Washington Cor. N. Y. Evening Post.*

Funeral of Mrs. Gallaudet.

The funeral of Mrs. Thomas H. Gallaudet was attended yesterday afternoon at the Center church. A large number of the relatives and friends were present and also the teachers and pupils of the American Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, who occupied seats in the center aisle. The bearers were the Hon. Calvin Day, Dr. J. S. Butler, Dr. E. K. Hunt, Mr. J. A. Ayres, the Hon. Henry Barnard, and Mr. D. E. Bartlett. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Richardson, and remarks were made by the Hon. Henry Barnard and by the Rev. John R. Keep, who alluded to the circumstances which led to the founding of the Asylum in this city sixty years ago by Mr. Gallaudet, and to the large number of similar institutions which have since sprung up, and the good which they have accomplished for the education of deaf-mutes.

A just and fitting tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. Gallaudet, who was the last survivor of the first graduating class at the Asylum, and the touching fact was mentioned that death came to her by an apoplectic stroke while upon her knees in the act of devotion.

The services were interpreted in the sign language to the deaf-mutes who were present, by Professor D. E. Bartlett. The venerable widow of Laurent Clerc, the associate of Dr. Gallaudet in the founding of the Asylum, was present. At the close of the services the pupils of the Asylum passed in single file to take a last look at their friend, the companion of their great benefactor, and each in passing laid a few flowers upon the casket. This simple but beautiful act of the deaf-mutes deeply impressed those who witnessed it, and was an appropriate conclusion of the services.—*Hartford Daily Courant, May 16, 1877.*

Whitsuntide.

The exercises at Grace Church last Sunday night were of unusual interest. After Evening Prayer, a beautiful hymn was sung by the choir and the children, Mrs. Parker presiding at the organ. Then the rector, the Rev. Dr. Cross, explained the origin and meaning of Whitsuntide, showing both from the fathers and from the New Testament that the festival is no modern invention, but was observed from the earliest Christian times, in commemoration of the effusion of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost. Another hymn followed, and then the children of the Sunday School presented their floral offerings. A large cross stood upon the steps of the chancel. The ten classes were called in succession by their numbers. Each was represented by a scholar, who carried up a bouquet, with a suitable passage of Scripture. Mr. Conklin inserted the bouquet in the cross, and announced the chapter and verse, which the rector read and explained. Much interesting information was thus given, and the cross when finished presented a very beautiful spectacle. Another cross of flowers stood upon the altar, above which appeared the descending dove, white as the driven snow. The font was surmounted by a pyramid of flowers, and wreaths and festoons on each side refreshed the sight, while the singing throughout was both spirited and inspiring. Very attractive, on these festive occasions, is the service of the Episcopal Church.

From an experience of four years, I am satisfied that Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup is the best cough remedy used for lung diseases, and for whooping cough and croup, there is nothing that I have yet been able to obtain that gives such general satisfaction to those who have used it.

W. GIFFITH,
Agent at Glendale, Lewis Co., N. Y.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally.

50-4w

A sufferer from the ravages of the potato bug for several years past, gives his plan for ridding potato fields of this pest. He says: Prepare mashed or ground raw potatoes by sprinkling thereon a little Paratone green, and scatter it around onshingles or chips throughout the fields at a distance of about ten feet apart, commencing as soon as the crop is in the ground. He states that where this plan has been adopted thousands of bugs have been slaughtered before depositing their eggs, which not only does away with the old settlers, but prevents the immense increase in numbers which would otherwise occur.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Interesting from the Rochester Institution.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The first exhibition of the Western New York Institution for Deaf-mutes occurred last evening at the chapel of the institution, before a not uncomfortably crowded but highly appreciative audience.

It was an exhibition of the methods of instruction employed in the school, but combined enough of pantomime to relieve the tedium of a mere class room drill, and reflected credit upon all who took part in it.

Mr. Westervelt, the principal of the school, prefaced the exercises by briefly explaining the advances which deaf-mute instruction had made in this country within the last quarter of a century, giving an idea of the manner in which mutes are taught to read and write, and a resume of Prof. Bell's articulation system.

A small lad then stepped forward, and very gracefully signed the Lord's Prayer. This was followed by brief class-room exercises, showing the proficiency of scholars in the several departments, even down to little fellows not more than six years of age, hardly large enough to walk, yet able to spell words with their fingers, and putting some of their seniors even to the blush. This primary class, under Mr. Whittlesey's charge (of the Rochester University) has made rapid progress within the past few months, and their accuracy in answering questions, as well as facility in writing was very marked.

A little one from the articulating department signed very prettily one of the "Songs for the Little Ones at Home," and received hearty applause. Another little girl, hardly seven years of age, signed in a most touching way the prayer "Jesus, tender Shepherd, feed me." No one could have witnessed the dear little one's performance without being affected by it.

To one who is unaccustomed to mutes, the articulating department is, perhaps, the most attractive feature among the devices for deaf-mute instruction.

That a mute can be taught to speak and read from the lips at all, is marvelous; that it is possible for some to acquire this art, was beautifully illustrated by Miss Hamilton with her classes in articulation, more particularly the advanced class. Several young ladies and one lad read the twenty-third Psalm very distinctly and intelligibly, so that it could be heard in all parts of the room. One of Tennyson's poems was also read by members of the class, after which conversation in lip-reading followed, the audience being invited to ask promiscuous questions. In this exercise the pupils showed a surprising facility, and deservedly complimented the labors which had been bestowed upon them by their instructor.

The entertainment was brought to a close by a most graceful piece of pantomime. A young lady was introduced, and signed Tennyson's "Break," Mr. Westervelt interpreting orally for the benefit of the audience. The poem was beautifully rendered (if we may be allowed to judge) and in its dramatic effect alone, would have elicited for the young lady the heartiest encore, upon any stage and before any audience. It gave us something of an idea of that poetry of motion which the intelligent mute must thoroughly appreciate, and which those who hear enjoy through the medium of sound.

We have but gleaned here and there from a somewhat extended programme, that which was especially interesting, not, however, intentionally slighting any part of the performance, which in all of its particulars was a most pleasing one.

We can congratulate Mr. Westervelt upon the institution which, under his judicious management, and through his zealous efforts has already sprung to such proportions, and we are sure that those who were present will be inspired (as we were) with a new interest in the growth and future progress of the Western New York school.

The necessity of this institution in this part of the State has been most thoroughly verified in its rapid growth, and by the fact that while the numbers have been constantly increasing, the New York Institution, and the one at Rome, (we are told) were not materially diminished, showing that many deaf-mutes, of school age, in this section of the State have not yet been reached.

There are at present sixty-four pupils attending the Western N. Y. school, and Mr. Westervelt tells us that applications are being made constantly for admittance. Enlarged buildings will be necessary for next year, and efforts are being put forth by the Board of Directors to accommodate as many as shall offer themselves at the next fall term.

MAUD.
Rochester, N. Y., May 11, 1877.

Mr. Packard's Lectures.

DRESS, MEALS AND SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

The fourth lecture of the course on Biblical Antiquities was delivered before the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes by P. W. Packard, last Thursday evening. He selected for his subject *Antiquities of Dress, Meals and Social Intercourse*. He described the art of making cloth in ancient times, before and after the flood, and also the manner of coloring cloth. The purple, which was a very bright color, was supplied from the blood of a certain shell fish found in a single white vein near the animal's throat. It was considered more precious than gold on account of its scarcity. Scarlet was also taken from certain insects, or their eggs, found on a particular species of oak.

The most simple and probably the most ancient garment was the *Tunic*, which was worn next to the skin and fitted tolerably close to the body, commonly made of linen, though sometimes

of other material. It had arm-holes and sometimes sleeves, and reached down like a long skirt below the knees.

He gave out the meaning of the word *naked* as found in Isaiah 20:2-4; 1 Sam. 19:24; John 21:7, &c., which means that when a man wore nothing but this undergarment, it was common to say he was *naked*. He also spoke of upper garments, girdles, sandals, mitres, and a kind of bonnet, hair and beard. Of sandals, he said when any person was about to enter into a house it was customary always to take them off and go in with bare feet. As no stockings were worn, the feet became, of course, dusty and soiled, it was common therefore, when entering a house, to have them immediately washed; and one of the first acts of politeness and kindness was to supply him with water for this purpose. It was the business of servants to wash the feet of others as well as to unloose their sandals.

As to the beard, nobody was allowed to touch it except for the purpose of respectfully and affectionately kissing it, as intimate friends were accustomed to do when they met. Among the men much importance was attached to it.

In regard to meals, the lecturer said it was not considered proper to take a regular meal till after the public prayers of the morning were over, as the Jews were not in the time of our Saviour in the habit of sitting down at the breakfast table early in the morning, as is common with us. Between 10 and 11 o'clock of our time dinner was taken. It was a slight meal. The most important meal was supper.

Mr. Packard described their custom of washing hands before and after meals in contrast with many of our people when they hurry to their eating, and hurry to their places of business, without washing their hands; and he told us how they used to eat when they had no forks and knives.

Of social intercourse, he said that the forms of politeness and civility in eastern countries have always been far more extravagant in their appearance than any to which we are accustomed. To show peculiar respect, it is common to bow the body forward and downward almost to the ground, or to fall entirely prostrate to the earth.

It seems to have been common to show different degrees of respect to different persons, according to their rank and importance, by bending the body to a greater or less degree. To throw it entirely down with the face upon the ground was an act of the greatest homage.

The lecturer explained how much time was taken up in Eastern salutations. When an Arab meets his friend he begins, while he is yet some distance from him, to make gestures that may express his very great satisfaction in seeing him. When he comes up to him, he grasps him by the right hand, and then brings back his own hand to his lips in token of respect. He next proceeds to place his hand gently under the long beard of the other, and honors it with an affectionate kiss. They sometimes repeat as often as ten times the whole tiresome ceremony with little or no variation. How would it do with us? Mr. Packard alluded also to that passage in 2d Kings 4:29: When Elisha sent his servant Gehazi in great haste to the Shunammite's house, he said to him, "If thou meet any man, salute him not, and if any salute thee, answer him not again."

The lecturer spoke of the custom of bringing presents when on visits, and also spoke of the formality of their conversation.

Mr. Packard's lecture gave us much merriment, and he delivered it in a pleasing manner. This is his last one for the season, which we very much regret, but hope we shall hear him again early in the fall, when he will continue the course on Biblical Antiquities.

He is to give a lecture before the United-Society of Deaf-mutes, a worthy Society in Boston, on Wednesday evening, May 9th, and will preach here next Sabbath.

PRESIDENT.
Salem, Mass., May 5, 1877.

Notes from "Occasional"

MY DEAR JOURNAL:—Some of your readers may have thought, from recent articles sent to and published by you, that I had changed my quarters to the East, or was sojourning there. In the absence of any testimony to the contrary, this impression was, perhaps, natural; but I "rise to explain" that I have not been anywhere, and that the other "Occasional" should put *fr*, after his signature, or I shall be obliged to change my name, even if I have to apply to the Legislature for leave to do so.

In my last, which was written in the depth of winter, I spoke of the snow fort or "Tower of Babel," which our boys were building, and of their aspirations in regard to its height. They worked at it from time to time, until it reached the height of our second-story windows, and then, from various causes, the enthusiasm began to abate, and it was gradually "let alone." When the first signs of spring came, in the shape of organ grinders and stray robins, its bulk loomed up with no material decrease, and the large boys advanced various opinions as to how long it would last, even putting its disappearance as far into the season as June 1st. The more moderate put it the last of April. Thereafter it was often measured, and its decrease noted in feet and inches. The sun beamed upon it; the wind whistled around it; the rain soaked into it; but it stood manfully until the 19th of April, when there came a genuine spring rain, with melting persuasiveness of a high order, and the last thing done at night was to look out upon its small remains and predict its entire disappearance before morning. One, however, stoutly affirmed that there would be "a little" left at daylight, although it was then raining in torrents, and what was

left of the famous tower might have been covered with a bushel-basket. Early dawn saw several pairs of eyes gazing out of the window, and great was the surprise to see a small white spot still in existence. However, as daylight advanced, some of the more curious ones went out for a closer inspection and discovered that some one, in the darkness, had stolen out and arranged a pile of pieces of white crockery upon the spot, and temporarily induced a belief that the "Tower" "still lived."

It will be noticed that the date of its disappearance is a notable day, being the anniversary of both the Battle of Lexington in the Revolution, and the march through Baltimore during the late Rebellion; hence, considering the interest it inspired, and other circumstances, it may not be counted unworthy of a place in the calendar alongside of those events.

I noticed that a correspondent of yours cites the late George H. Loring, of Boston, as an intelligent *semi-mute*. In my younger days I often saw and conversed with him. He was intelligent—usually so, in fact, even for a hearing person—but his having been a *semi-mute* is news to me. I think it is a misconception.

Another speaks of Mr. George Kent, of Amherst, N. H., as clumpion fisherman among us, and as catching his prey with an alder-pole and tow-line. I have fished with Mr. Kent, and can vouch that he can and does catch fish of all kinds—especially trout—where and when nobody else can; and that he can follow a stream behind a party of fishermen and pick up what they leave, and catch bigger and better fish; and while I do not doubt that he could catch them with an alder-pole and a tow-line, and a crooked pin, if need be; still, I never saw him when he did not use rod and line of approved make, and the best of everything that practised sportsmen use, and something else which very few of them know.

Our pupils are counting the days to vacation, not, let us hope, because they wish to hurry them, but to see how much time they have left to study in, with a determination to learn all they can before they leave for home, so that they can show their friends that they have made a good use of their time.

The coming convention at Elmira begins to attract attention, and the programme is looked for with interest, although it is hardly time for it to have been made up.

Spring is rather late with us, and dry as well. The heavy snows we had kept the ground from freezing, and so such vermin as took refuge in it at the approach of winter, were comfortable, and the potato bugs, or Colorado beetles, are now sitting on the fences, picking their teeth, and awaiting the appearance of the crop. But you know all about these pests from experience, and so good-bye.

OCCASIONAL.

Rome, N. Y., May 14, 1877.

Marriages of the Deaf.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your editorial on the article entitled, "Deaf not Dumb," as published in your worthy paper of the 19th ult., is of special interest to every true friend of that class with but four senses, and I don't need to say twice that it interested me much too. "Deaf not dumb," is a new phrase which enriches our English language much, and does its author all honor; it is a fine idea, whereby will be found the right avenue for restoring the mutes to society. With praise it may be said of the author, that he has responded with full heart to King Solomon's humane saying—

"Open your mouth for the mute, and for the right of the poor."

On the other hand, if "deaf not dumb" was made practical, how much would its advantages and benefits eclipse those of the "deaf and dumb" method? For hearing is as much better than deafness as the warm rays of the sun are more beneficial than the cool ones of the moon. Would a millennium era come by this means for the mutes?

But let us step this dreamish talk, and face the bare facts, and we find that the deaf and dumb can be healed of their dumbness with more or less success through the so-called German system, but that they can be healed of their deafness, and will ever be, beyond all the powers of human wisdom and medical science to accomplish, with very rare exceptions. Whether the deaf and dumb can be made deaf not dumb is really a question of but little importance. The earthly happiness of the deaf must, nearly all, come through the eye; the first condition, therefore, is that a fair spirit and a thorough knowledge of the native language shall be imparted to them. On the whole, a mute, if not taught to speak, but well spirited, is a more useful member of society than the speaking one who is dull minded.

In order to strengthen this assertion, let me give you an extract from one of the numerous treatises of the well known Prof. Ferdinand Berthier of the Paris Institution. This learned deaf-mute said in his work entitled: "*Banquets des Sourds muets, réunissant fêter les anniversaires de la naissance de l'Abbe de l'Épée*," as follows: He wrote to the great poet Victor Hugo a heartfelt invitation to attend in person a banquet to be held by the deaf-mutes of Paris for the celebration of the birthday anniversary of Abbe de l'Épée, on the 3d of December, 1843, and soon received from him the following letter:

PARIS, November 27, 1843.

SIR:—I cannot express to-day how much I am touched by your respectful invitation. Alas! I cannot go there. A fearful blow that has hit me recently robs me of my freedom of spirit. Mourn for me, sir, and excuse me. I will think on the 3d of December of you, and, though absent in person, I will be with you in heart. I have read your excellent works with a lively sympathy. The deaf-mutes excite my attention and my interest highly. You are the first among them, and you have battled in a noble

manner with the barriers, behind which a fatal lot seemed to lock you in. What is the deafness of the ear while the spirit is free? The only deafness, the true deafness, the incurable deafness is that of the spirit.

Yours respectfully,
VICTOR HUGO.

Thus it will be seen that this great man laid much stress upon the importance of the mental well-being of the mutes, no matter if they were taught to speak and he was by no means a friend of those who show a low degree of intelligence. It may not be right after all that a well-minded mute who speaks is, in certain respects, better off than a fairly spirited one who has received no instruction in articulation, but facts show that more mutes are fairly educated by the French system than by the German.

Now, I shall give my principal attention to the central thought of interest to deaf-mute; namely, marriages of the deaf. Young deaf-mute fellows visit their sisters in misfortune; they fall in love, and marry accordingly. This fact seems to be but a thorn in the eyes of Mr. Ackers, for he asserts in his pamphlet entitled "Deaf not Dumb," that he finds this to be one of the chief causes of the increase of the deaf. People may believe this at first, but he has furnished no statistics whatever about intermarriage among the deaf to support his assertion. Further he told us that articulation is a preventive to intermarriage among the deaf. These words were uttered by a hearing man, by the father of a little deaf child whom he, no doubt, loved tenderly. He would have been better understood if he had said correctly that articulation *would* be a preventive to intermarriage among the deaf.

In the spring of 1875, when I left Berlin for the new world, there were in the capital of the German Empire 132 married deaf-mutes, of whom not less than 53 of the gentlemen have deaf ladies as their life companions; eleven deaf men have hearing wives, and only two deaf ladies have hearing husbands.

All deaf-mutes there are trained in articulation and lip-reading, and not only in Berlin but also through the country, and cases of intermarriage among the deaf are in about the same proportion in Vienna and throughout the provinces of Austria and Hungary. Therefore, the question will be raised, on what ground Mr. Ackers could establish his assertion. In this land, as well as in Switzerland, there are plenty of speaking deaf, or better call them deaf not dumb girls; nevertheless it is an established fact that not one of the hearing principals or teachers of the German Institutions has ever taken a deaf-mute girl to be his wife. The next consequence is plainly seen that a strong suspicion will be cast upon their alleged and real love for the welfare of their pupils, both as respects the mental and material. They all shrink from the idea of marrying deaf girls, though they are intelligent and lovely, and even if one of these teachers should have the courage to do so, it would cause much unpleasant talk among his colleagues.

They perily ask of their graduating pupils not to marry any one but hearing persons, so as to preserve and perfect their ability to articulate and understand lip-reading. Is it right for them to give such advice when they themselves shun the idea of marrying deaf girls? They are also astonished about a good many instances, especially how American deaf girls obtain highly esteemed teachers, ministers and lawyers for their husbands, in spite of their dumbness; still they refuse to imitate these good examples. Enough of that; they prove to be untrue to their mission. Again, I may question Mr. Ackers. What would he then do to prevent intermarriage among the deaf, while the very advocates and teachers of the German system obstinately refuse to marry deaf girls, and thus early foster in the breasts of their pupils disgust and hate against their hearing comrades.

The latest statistics of several German institutions show that on the average fifty per cent. of their pupils come from parents where either one or both are deaf. Yet it is a remarkable fact that there are less deaf children of deaf or mixed parents found in this country than in German lands. As for instance, in the New York Institution, only one per cent. of the pupils is said to have deaf-mute parents.

The causes of deafness are numerous and diverse, and are well known through public discussions or scientific lectures. Some French physicians said in their statistical comparisons about deaf-mutes that of 10,000 persons of the Catholic profession there were 17 deaf; of the Protestant, 23; of the Jewish, 27; and of the negro slaves, 100. Improper marriages, especially the congenital ones, are the foremost cause of these calamities.

For instance, I have a deaf brother and sister, but my father said my mother was a stranger to him, and the probabilities are that she being impressed with the terrors and sufferings following the overthrow of the Hungarian insurrection of 1848-9 gave birth to three mute and three hearing children. What can a deaf-mute do to get a happy marriage? The experience of the past will do the most to influence the deaf in their plans. As for me as a speaking man I shall prefer a deaf girl who does not speak but is bright and of sound mind, to a deaf not dumb girl in whom there is a lack of intelligence. According to a superficial estimation of the marriages consummated between deaf and hearing persons, 75 per cent. are unhappy, and the rest may be happy a little; it so occurs that it is seldom that a dog can live friendly with a cat. After all this argument, Mr. Ackers will not need to be uneasy about the intermarried deaf; nay, he would have done very well if he had recommended to hearing persons to marry mutes, and thus preserve and improve the studied arts of the German system.

In the olden, dim times, when crazy men and fantastic spirits exercised their despotic dominion among the people of the old world, the poor mutes were regarded the same as idiots in the land of their birth, and the sufferings and insults they endured silently could not be imagined. They were not allowed to marry any one and were condemned to an unfriendly life, till they departed to the other and better world, for the people maintained that this class were struck by God's rage.

Within the last hundred years a morning begun to dawn for the oppressed deaf-mutes. They found in an Abbe de l'Épée of France, in a Samuel Heinicke, of Germany, in the time of the Emperor Joseph I, of Austria, and Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, of America, what may be called saviours of the deaf and dumb. Since they were, through their efforts, admitted to the blessings of education and religion, and to the exercise of many social rights in a measure, while the spirit of freedom and enlightenment were struggling for sway, the emancipation of the mutes strode forward rapidly, and they were allowed to marry as they pleased, and to enjoy all the civil rights like their more fortunate companions.

Still in some places in Germany and other parts of Europe their intermarriage was objected to by the prejudiced people; also peculiar laws were in force to prohibit intermarriage among the deaf, for the alleged purpose of preventing the increasing of the deaf. These fatal limitations had been, in a great many instances, disastrous to their terrestrial welfare; hate and reluctance reigned among them against their hearing brethren; restless and disconsolate went they astray in the land of their birth. Many of them remained bachelors, rather than live with heartless hearing women, or entered into concubines with their deaf girls. Some succeeded in circumventing the cruel laws by stratagem, and married the girls of their choice. A romantic illustration of the cunning of one of these fellows is worthy to be narrated.

A young, stout hatter saw in Munich, the capital of the Kingdom of Bavaria, a bright looking girl; soon they loved, and were engaged to be married. Alas, the old laws stood in the way of their wishes. The young fellow took leave of his affianced, after they had sworn to remain faithful till their death, and went to some distant parts. The young lady was beautiful enough to excite the attention of every man who saw her, but she declined the brilliant offers of many a hearing fellow. Eight years passed in patience; the deaf-mute hatter used this long time to his best advantage; he engaged in various social hearing circles, to converse with his friends, and learned assiduously to read the lips of strangers. Thus he mastered these arts to such a degree that some people could not detect his real deafness. He thought of his sweetheart and returned to Munich to see her. After they had made their plans they went into a police office, and the hatter expressed, in his smooth manner, his desire to marry this deaf girl. The officer, being interested, conversed with him some time before he furnished him with an official permission of marriage. Then they went home with greatly relieved hearts, and the hatter ordered a pastor of a church to officiate in their union as man and wife. After the conjugal ceremonies were executed, they returned happy to their residence and invited some friends to a wedding supper. The latter were surprised to see that the hatter was really deaf and had succeeded so well as to deceive the officer as well as the minister as to his true nature. The next morning the newspapers were full of spicy reports of the affair, and the happy pair was heartily congratulated by all their neighbors as well as by the deceived authorities.

The war between Prussia and Austria broke out, and the Prussians succeeded in subjugating the many petty sovereigns in the German lands, and introduced their liberal laws instead of the old ones of their subjects. By this action the last remains of such biased men's work were banished forever, and the deaf-mutes everywhere were restored to their full freedom. In these times of accomplished civilization there remains still a class of deaf-mutes that are to be pitied on account of their sad fate. These are the children of the nobility. They are watched in all their movements by their parents and relations, who are high spirited about their descent from the nobility, and not allowed any contact with common, civil men. Sad stories of their fate circulate among the deaf circles from time to time, that many a young mute among the nobility became desperate or crazy on account of their wishes being disregarded, and thereby destroying the happiness of their families.

Not much better was the lot of the mutes in France, for all that are not so fortunate as to participate in the immense benefits of an Abbe de l'Épée were excluded from the delights of marriage, and their number was double that of their educated brethren and sisters. The Code Napoleon provided for a few designations whereby the mutes could get married by signing their names in an explicit manner, and by showing their appreciation of the importance of marriage before the proper authorities. The uneducated mutes were also not permitted to sign their names in "cross" as the millions of negroes in the southern States are allowed to do in every written engagement.

A curious story reflecting upon the situation of these mutes will be interesting to the readers of the JOURNAL. The story is interpreted from the Code Napoleon of Prof. F. Berthier, one of the best authors of deaf-mute history; and, I think, may furnish proper material for dramatic performances that some intelligent mutes ought to try in their lectures and theatres.

In September, 1843, the civil tribunal of Castel-Tarraria was called up to decide about an affair that had drawn many curious people. Marguerite L., a beautiful girl of 25 years, and a deaf-mute by birth, could not write, having unfortunately not enjoyed the blessings of the instruction of Abbe de l'Épée. She lived simply and lonely in the village of

G— with her parents. In spite of her imperfect gifts, she was robust, well built and gifted with a warm heart. A young fellow of the same village asked her in marriage; the young girl consented; her wealthy parents also gave their approval, for the joy of her countenance as well as her signs seemed to them to be expressive and tender. But the maire (mayor) of the village, although he recognized her laudable qualities, how she guarded her cows with care and was also a good housekeeper, refused to take her consent to marriage by her signs, for she was not as intelligent as the law required. The affair was carried before the tribunal on May 19, 1842. The counsel of the mute had scarcely delivered the facts of the case, when the tribunal, without deliberation, ordered the appearance of the parties. On the 26th of May, the young mute appeared accompanied by the bridegroom, her parents and the mayor of the village, before the tribunal. She had large, black eyes, betraying as much intelligence as anyone could attribute to her. She seemed to be surprised and affrighted at the black coats of the public that thronged the hall; she cast a wrathful eye shot upon the magistrate. The president ordered her family to withdraw; then he questioned her in a loud voice: "What is your name?" No reply. "Your occupation?" (She cried slightly and wanted to see her mother). The constable approached her, and she stepped back. President—"Ask her if she would marry." The constable repeated this question with elevated voice. The young girl responded with a cry that doubtless meant yes. President—"Ask her if she would marry?" (The same cry). President—"Question her if she would marry the constable." (Expressive and not flattering grimaces, for the constable). The mother was summoned. President—"Say to your daughter that she should show the man whom she would marry. Say to her that she must search for her bridegroom in the hall." Conversation in signs between mother and daughter. She appeared deeply affected, and was irresolute. The counsel joined in this sign conversation. The young girl seemed struck by a sudden idea; she advanced into the hall, and reappeared soon with her bridegroom, who had been standing in a corner. Then the hearing of the mayor was proceeded with. He gave a report of her moral qualities, and said: "She shows intelligence; she goes to the mass; she keeps her house well, and guards her cows." He added: "But there is no evidence whether she is fully conscious of the plights of matrimony; therefore I had refused to officiate and unite this couple. If the tribunal decides that the dumb speaks and the deaf hears, I will do nothing else but submit to the judgment of the tribunal." "You will yet understand the mute," answered the counsel; "the whole touching scene you have witnessed speaks plainly and eloquently for her intelligence, as none could object to." "The question is badly interposed," the attorney for the public responded; "it is not the question as to know if Miss L. keeps her house well, if she cares for her cows or not. These facts are not to be contested; but whether she would consent if she could understand the burdens and plights of marriage. We think not. For the evidence that she comprehends the importance of the act, it is not sufficient that she has repulsed the constable and introduced the bridegroom. Marriage is a moral and civil act that forms families. You will therefore reject the application of the mute and condemn her to pay the court's expenses." Marguerite seemed to have comprehended the conclusions of the attorney. She was quite abashed. The mayor appealed to the justice. The tribunal deliberated, and decided to give an interlude so that the parson of a neighboring community could correspond with the young girl and obtain a better understanding of her case and to make a report on the 29th. At that term the parson declared he could not understand the mute in so short a time, and demanded three months for the settlement of the affair. The tribunal considering that a consent must be intelligible and comprehensive, but not purely mechanical and doubtful, decided that it was not best at the present for the mayor to permit the marriage, and condemned the poor mute to pay the costs. What a decision! To err is human, but it is hard to excuse such mistakes as this.

F. ROTTER.

Boulder, Col., May, 1877.

Baptismal Service at Lowell.

On Saturday, April 23th, I left home by a special invitation, to visit Lowell in company with H. P. Chapman, President of the Salem Society of Deaf-mutes, where we arrived at 6 o'clock p. m., and were the guests of the Secretary of the Lowell Silent Society, Miss Lizzie Lake, whose hospitality I have often enjoyed.

Sunday afternoon I took for my text Mark 16, 16. The interest in religious matters in Lowell is evidently on the increase, which I am pleased to see and feel much encouraged to continue my labors. I made my first attempt to organize a choir in the sign language, and gave the hymn, "Come, happy souls adore the Lamb," in which I was assisted by two young ladies who did very well for the first attempt.

At 6:30 in the evening we gathered together at Worthen St. Baptist Church, of which the Rev. E. A. LeCompte is pastor, to witness the baptism of the much respected President of the Lowell Silent Society, Isaac N. Soper. We were all seated near the baptismal platform, the usual service was conducted by the pastor, after which he retired to another room to prepare for the baptism while the audience sang and the deacons opened the platform font. On returning he made a few remarks to the congregation in regard to the baptism of the deaf-mutes, and their society, which he considered a worthy one. He said that Mr. Soper did not hear with his ears, but with his eyes, yet he had felt the Spirit's

power and had replied to the knock at the door. Mr. Soper then stopped forward, and descended into the water and was baptized. The audience was then dismissed, and held a prayer meeting in the vestry below, and we were kindly invited to remain by ourselves to hold a prayer meeting, which kindness was fully appreciated. After reading the Scriptures and making some remarks I invited others to speak as the spirit might move them. In response, Mr. Soper made some interesting remarks, speaking with much earnestness. H. P. Chapman followed and related his experience, having lately given his heart to God, and now let me tell you how these two young men were led in the path of duty, and encourage your readers "to go and do likewise." A young lady friend of both parties was the instrument, and it was accomplished within a few weeks of each other. How happy she must have felt to see them both there and testifying to the love of God, through her means, and it must have encouraged her much to continue in the good work, having witnessed the fruits of her previous efforts. She also unhesitatingly bore testimony, as also did a sister of the candidate, an intelligent-looking young lady. We were unwillingly obliged to close our services, the hour being late. Previous to which the pastor, accompanied by some of the members of the church, came in to witness our manner of worship, and handed me a note to read to the mutes, which I did.

Monday morning, Mr. Chapman and myself took leave of our Lowell friends with our best wishes for their future prosperity, both spiritually and temporally, and hoping that the occasion had made a lasting impression upon those present, and also induce some of your readers to consider their ways.

P. W. PACKARD.
Salem, Mass., May 2d, 1877.

Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 19, '77.

Last Monday General Grant gave the first reception that was ever given in Philadelphia by an ex-President, and Independence Hall, where he received, was thronged for several hours. Accustomed as the General has been for the last decade to such scenes and experiences, the ordeal was a trying one, and he was completely exhausted when the reception ended. He shook hands with about six thousand people in less than three hours time, and when one of the last said to him that he would have grand receptions abroad, he replied with a perceptible sigh of anticipated relief, "O yes! And there'll be no hand shaking abroad." He sails with his family, to-day, for Europe, intending to remain away two or three years.

Gen'l Phil. Sheridan has recently become the father of two girl babies, twins. He visited President Grant's family last winter with his pretty girlish young wife, and her assisted at the last two or three receptions given at the White House during the last administration.

Washington society is undergoing greater changes than it has known for half a score of years at least. Mrs. Belknap, with her pretty feet and winsome manners, is now a thing completely of the past, and next year can probably say the same of Nellie Grant Sartoris, (who sailed yesterday for her home in Europe,) and all of her father's family, in fact, Hamilton Fish and his family, with many others, who for years have figured first in Washington's upper ten. A new set are coming in, and such a different set! Much has been written and spoken of the extravagant manner of living and dress of the Grant family and of the reform in these directions that is being inaugurated with and by the new occupants of the Executive Mansion. There are two ways of looking at these things. I wonder why we mortals are created so short sighted that we must needs be always looking in one direction I wonder why we might not just as well suppose Mrs. Grant, who was certainly of marvellous sweetness of temper and patience of disposition, to be one of those fortunates who have a certain tact that does for itself, and that always contrives to make ends meet be they ever so widely separated. She was dressy, but, if one had noticed it, she wore the same material, in one form or another, many and many a time in public, changed and converted, by her own skill and taste, into a new dress each time. And who doesn't know that the best goods are the most economical. Mrs. Hayes does, and although her taste eschews anything loud or showy in the way of dress, her costumes are always rich, and I doubt if Mrs. Grant ever appeared in a more costly toilet than the "plain black silk" of Mrs. Hayes' that we have all harped about so long. Be that as it may, Mrs. Hayes has worn since she has been in Washington, a six or seven hundred dollar dress, and it was black silk too. Mrs. Hayes' hair is of that black, moist, smooth and shiny kind that is prettier in its natural state than it could be made to look in any other, and she has the good sense to know it. Mrs. Grant had equally good sense in knowing that her light, brown hair was very much improved by frizzes and curls. Her motive in dressing her hair so was doubtless the same as Mrs. Hayes' is in brushing hers smooth, namely to make her personal appearance as agreeable as possible—a thing which is every woman's duty as well as privilege and for which she should be most highly commended.

Hot weather and dry for the last few days. Where shall we be a month from now?

M. M. W.

—During the Bach murder trial at Pulaski Friday, it became evident to District Attorney Lamoree that there was not sufficient evidence upon which to base further proceedings and he frankly so stated to Judge Noxon, who directed the jury to bring in a verdict of "Not guilty." The prisoner was thereupon discharged.

